Fort Hotel
Sidmouth

Thanks so much for the little heliotrope label Prudence gave me some days ago

Sunday March 30 '30

Most Dearest Rene. Newfound shells on this tide.

EXHIBIT B

Lord I am sorry to hear about Jan's beastly illness — Lord I am sorry & I'm terribly sorry I'm not writing well I don't mind & it's been incised but I think it's rather a mistake & I won't go on with it — but anyway — it seems a waste of effort not to — I do agree about David Copperfield — but don't on this Betsy Trotwood is awful, good — but how horribly old Dickens lets any decent ideas about the generals — well don't anything — it's utterly devoid of 'idea' & not still I think it's worth it. —

I'm pulls off a few good things. micawber I enjoyed the Heep-~~Micawber~~ business I want to post this so you get it to-morrow but I suppose you won't I do like you somehow get better He is a bugger the way he comes over so often — he probably knows there is no artillery to speak of We talk of you a lot & wish you

Dearest René I am so pleased you got sorry to hear you are so ill - please well soon & don't read too much Best love from Ponderevo Coppenfields - I went to St. Ives, caught 'flu & brought pictures from Wallis. I wish you'd

Tuesday
Sorry to hear about the beastly flue. Be all warm about it continuously.
Lots of love to you
Yours
Wm

were here — & wish you were well
Prudence returned on Friday for Cornwall
& Tom turned up too. Prudence got
a flea in Cornwall & had to wear
one of my little square vests while
she washed her own. She is heaty
hell & we went to a pub — (the
one mentioned in other letter enclosed)
this morning & were happy — Tom is
cheerful — his ~~mind~~ been introduced
to Longmans. & inspected the troops & what not
Dorothea is due to-morrow.
It's bitterly cold here no heaven knows
what it's like at Pigotts — poor you
& from I do
a kiss. — Tom & Prudence send you
lots & lots of love. & so do I, private
Did you hear that Ireland
beat Wales. 9 — 3 at Rugby in Belfast.
yesterday — I was sacrificed — they simply
chewed them up in a little east wind
& frozen ground — huge Ulster giants
& little dark battered men — they
afterwards became utterly demoralized
& now they've lost to Triple Crown.
bugger, bugger — et I'm glad it was
Ireland & not the bloody Jocks that
did it. God bless you dearest Rene
Your affectionate David.